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The Epilogue



dystopia

armageddon

epilogue

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Chapter 1 by Brock Thompson

The End of the World has already happened, so I guess you could call this the epilogue.

Chapter 2 by -



It wasn't the way any of us had expected. It came in with a sudden flash of lighting, and a thunderclap of fear. It struck the hearts of wicked men with a horrid flesh eating disease.

It sucked the inner out goats and slammed the sheep with sleep. It blinded the lame and flipped the hunchback. It shot the soldiers and burned the government.

It came in ways inconceivable and unexpected. One moment two were playing chess, the next, they were cramming the pieces down each others throats. A sudden change of character attacked everyone - it left no one untouched.

It was the Beginning of the End.

Chapter 3 by Jonathan



And it had only begun.

My name is James, and this is a story told from my perspective. And no, it's not a 'zombie' story, it's a story about being bored and scared everyday of your life. It's a story about the days. Well, it started when I was at home (naturally) when there were sirens. Then planes rushed over head to

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intercept what looked like a giant floating bomb, and it was. It dropped millions of canisters over the city, devastating everything. The toxic gas 'infected' people effecting there brains and drastically changing there figure and behavior. And to make it worse, they were dropped over the prison... Great... Anyways, when they were fully changed they broke out, which only took about ten minutes. The they immediately changed the surrounding neighborhoods and, ironically, this all happened in DC. People were all over this, news-wise, but that never ended well. They would think they were safe a mile away but, they weren't. Even in a helicopter, they were dragged down by these 'things'. The only 'safe' place in the world, they thought, was the water but they managed to swim out there and take-over the boats. This whole time I was in hiding, that was until I was taken away to mountain Rushmore for an experiment. Apparently every person in the world had a 'signature' of radiation. Over fifty percent means they were crazy and one hundred was full 'beast'. But there was no signature they were able to detect from me when they were bringing me and my neighborhood into a military base in Florida. "Son." A military commander said as he pulled me out of the line of people.

"Yes sir?" I asked timidly for this was the first time I have ever talked to someone that high in military ranking.

"Come with me, I need to explain something to you..." He said as without waiting for a reply, dragged me off to an office like building far away from everyone else I was brought in with.

Chapter 4 by Charlotte



"This may be the end, but it's also the start of a beginning" the officer said quietly.

"I don't follow," I said squinting my eyes as if his words came out like a burst of sunlight.

"We have been waiting for this. We are mostly prepared. We need you to help us. This whole revolution could fall at our fingertips if you get one bit of radiation in you." The officer said staring me straight in the eyes. This must be pretty serious. Without thinking I nodded my head, although I didn't understand at all. The Sargent pointed to a bed in the corner and nodded his head back.

"The others have some in them. They must stay far away from you. I promise, we can start something incredible if your on our side."

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I'm not sure how long I was asleep for, it felt like a long time though. As always, I dreamt of my family. I don't know why, but every night since the disaster I'd been reliving the same exact memory. Before everything had happened the memory would've seemed arbitrary, just another family breakfast, one of thousands. For some reason though, this one had stuck.

We'd all been sitting together around the table, not paying any particular attention to one another. My dad had been checking his email on his phone, my mom doing a crossword in the newspaper, and my little sister and I looking down into our cereal bowls. Still, there was something comforting about having their company. It made me feel safe, a feeling that was completely out of the question in my waking life.

Unfortunately, a small part of me knew what was coming next, shattering the illusion. And just like that, my little sister dropped her spoon into her cereal bowl. My mom looked up from the newspaper, "Is something wrong dea-

And then she screamed. Me and my father both looked up, just in time to see my little sister lunging across the table at my mother. They both hit the floor, and suddenly there was blood splattered across the hardwood. My father shouted and tried to intervene- I wasn't sure what was happening, everything was a blur. I started to back away. And then all of them turned on me. Their faces- they weren't human. They weren't my family. It's a lie, I tried to tell myself. You never saw them turn, for all you know they could still be alive. But the dream felt so real, I couldn't help but convince myself that it was. I stood paralyzed with fear, as the creatures that had once been my family started to shamble towards me. Then my dad opened his mouth.

"Wake up James."

I was shocked. They had never spoken to me in the dream before. "Wake up," He said again. Suddenly I felt like the world was shaking.

"Wake up!"

My eyes shot open, and I found that I was back in the Sargent's office. The lights were off. Someone was shaking me. I immediately pushed them off.

The hooded figure took a step back, their body nearly invisible in the dark room. "We need to leave," They said urgently, their voice barely above a whisper.

"Why?" I exclaimed, trying to make out their face under the hood. "Who are you?"

"What do you mean?" They asked, their voice barely above a whisper.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean they're the ones who created the world."

Chapter 5 by Larry Hill

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I shuffled off the couch awkwardly and brushed my hair out of my face. I looked at the masked figure, and backed away. "What? No."

"/YES/" the voice sent a chill up my spine. "And we need to leave. Now. Get on my back. What?"

"Do you speak English? /Get on my back/" the cloaked figure turned around and held their hands out behind them. "Sometime today, please."

I panicked, but decided to give in. I climbed onto the frail yet strong back of this mysterious person. I couldn't risk being here with the people who seemingly created the virus. The figure, holding me tightly, jumped out the window.

I am thoroughly ashamed of the way that I screamed.

But with a solid metallic /thud/ we were on the back of a helicopter, and the cloaked person threw me inside the open hatch on the top before they climbed in after me.

I held myself nervously. "Um, can I know your name now?"

"One sec," the person ran over to one of the helicopter windows and began firing a /very/ loud machine gun at someone. I didn't really want to know the details at that moment.

After maybe 15 minutes, the cloaked figure looked at me and threw their hood off.

Underneath the dark-green hood was a girl, maybe my age or younger. She had rib-length blonde hair and desperately sad blue eyes. It made me want to /hug/ her, for whatever reason, but I resisted.

"My name is Sophia," she said seriously. "You're lucky that you're here. We've had to sacrifice the majority of people to this company because we couldn't save them all. But we saved you. Consider yourself grateful."

I looked at the crammed walls of the helicopter. There were black gas masks and green tanks along them. There were guns of every size, shape, and color. It took everything in me not to hyperventilate.

"I don't understand," I said reasonably. "Why me?"

Sophia looked at me with a serious expression that made my bones chill. She was fear, sorrow, and beauty incarnate. A lethal weapon. "Because we need you, James." She paused, fidgeted, and then looked back at me. "Follow me," she said, her voice smooth and cold as ice.

She took me to a huge metal door that looked like it could take a tank or a nuclear warhead. "In this we have a girl who has been through a lot. We want you to take a look." She

opened the door, which made a hissing sound that sounded like a giant's breath. I peered inside, afraid of what I might see. "This is the future," she said. "This is the world we want to create. My scream echoed in that quiet helicopter like a banshee in a graveyard."

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Chapter 7 by Gororachles



The girl, she wasn't human anymore. Her hair was a rats' nest, her skin was paler than moonlight. But her eyes, they were the ones I had screamed about. They were bloodshot, and the color was no color ever seen by humans before. She was wild on the outside, but in her eyes, you could see the pain she was going through. Through her eyes, you could see the human that she used to be. You could see her life, and how she longed for it. You could see everything. I tried to go near her, but she tried to attack me, and I screamed again. I felt a hand on my shoulder, and I was pulled out of the room.

"What did you think of her?" Sophia asked. I could hear the impatience in her voice, so I started speaking.

"She isn't human," I said with a shaky breath. I took a gulp of air, and calmed down enough to talk in sentences. "None of her is human, except..."

"Except what?" Impatience, impatience, was all I heard from her.

"Her eyes. From there you can see everything. And what I saw in her eyes was pain. And longing. If I can just see her every day, study her, I can-"

"You can what? Learn how to kill her?" She sounded hurt.

"I can learn how to cure her. That girl, she shared so much resemblance to someone on the ship, and you really do seem to care. I think this girl is your sister. Your little sister. I am so sor-" And before I could finish, I felt something I hadn't felt since the night before the radiation. Sophia was hugging me.

"Thank you. Thank you so much." She was whispering.

Chapter 8 by clearskyy



The guilt that built in my gut was hitting me like a tractor trailer and I tried very hard not to reveal the figurative rattling in my bones as I furiously tried to figure out how exactly I was going to attempt to cure this child. I was scared, nervous and confused but that only fueled my determination. I couldn't be sure if it was anxiety or just plain optimism, but I believed that me and Sophia would find a cure, no matter what.

The hug we shared didn't last long, but it didn't have to. Sophia rubbed the tears from her face with her sleeve, sniffled and looked at me with a determination that would stop the President dead in his tracks.

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"I don't care if I have to drain every last drop of blood from your body to save her, if it comes down to that, I will do it. Ava is all I have left and I will chew down mountains if that's what takes." the stare that Sophia was broadcasting with those blue eyes was staggering and I found myself awkwardly trying to find something to support myself with or somewhere to sit would be fantastic.

"Understood, well I'm sure it won't come to that" I affirmed with a slight bit of confidence I don't quite understand how I managed to muster. Before anymore could be said we were interrupted by the sharp sound of the helicopter being penetrated by gunfire.

Without skipping a beat, Sophia ripped open the door and mounted the Heavy Machine Gun and started shooting into the pitch darkness. The bullets creating a hypnotizing trail into the night that had a sort of beauty and mystic to it if it weren't for the reality that those hot pieces of metal served the purpose of taking another life. The wind and whirring of the blades threaten to deafen me. How my hearing had managed to remain intact up until this point is a complete mystery. With my hands pressed firmly to my ears I feel something cold hit my face. Someone had thrown headphones at me which had landed in my lap after greeting me in the face.

"I can't believe they caught up to us this fast, they really did try to prepare for everything didn't they-- LAUNCH THE COUNTER-MEASURES"

Flares shot out from the helicopter and a loud boom rattled the helicopter and shunted it hard to the left as the pilot tried to evade the explosive.

"Why would they be shooting at us!? I thought I was their last hope?!" I screamed, panicking into my headset. There was no where to hide in a helicopter, you just sort of grip tightly at the closest thing trying not to shake horrifically.

"They much rather see you dead, then in the hands of their opposition." Sophia stated calmly that it nearly shook me harder than the missile that we just barely managed to avoid.

Apparently I was it their only back up plan.

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Chapter 9 by Jenny Nell

After a long time of shoot

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down and just flew the helicopter, she sent it soaring faster than I know a helicopter could go.

but the metallic pitter-patter of bullets gradually faded into silence.

Sophia let out a slight sigh of relief, and I almost smiled. We made it. I looked at the blue-eyed arms-woman and asked, "Where are we going?"

She shot a tired look at me. "Somewhere far, far away." She looked back towards the open sky. "Feel free to look at Ava anytime you want, but I'm not going to pressure you. It will be easier with equipment, and I can provide you with such once we get where we're going."

"Do you have a bathroom?" I asked cautiously, mildly embarrassed.

"It's the door with the white stripe down it. It might smell a little, it hasn't been washed in a long time and I'm not the only one that uses it."

I saved my questions for later and opened the bathroom. It reeked like feces and death, but I managed to hold my breath. I'd smelled worse, specifically on the creatures.

After I had washed up, I sat down on a bench in the pilot room and asked, "Who else is there?"

"Some comrades," she said simply. "Allies. We're not friends, but we all want to save lives. We argue, and we've lost a lot of blood from each other, but we all fight for one cause." She flicked a switch and got up. She walked over to a cooler and gets two bottles of water and tosses me one.

"This one time," she sits down next to me. "Ahuz, our best sharp shooter, got in a scrap with Tyson, our strongest fighter, and Tyson took out both of Ahuz's eyes."

I whistled. "What did you do?"

"Well, Ahuz never had a problem with seeing. He kind of said that he could still kind of sense where everything was." Sophia took a drink of water. "Crazy Hebrew bullshit."

I laughed. I looked out the window as the land turned to desert. "How many people are with you guys?"

She looked at me. "Just 5. Me, Ahuz, and three others." She took a drink. "So you see why we need you."

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Plus you, now!

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"Mhm," I nodded. But I knew that there was more to saving Ava than Sophia was letting on. Maybe she didn't want to admit it, but she couldn't lose her sister. Not after she lost everyone else. She must have lost her parents, seen them die, like I did.

I remember her hugging me earlier. She wasn't happy for the sake of her group. She was happy that she got a chance to save the one thing she cared about most.

I wanted to help her. I would've given anything to see my sister again, so I would be more than happy to help Sophia get hers back.

Chapter 10 by clearskyy



We touched down at the facility around 0200 hours covered with a thick blanket of darkness. We were greeted by Tyson, a mountain of a man who looked as if he could rip out your spine with his hands alone. Sophia killed the engine and flipped a control that opened the rear hatch and hopped out of the helicopter with a bit of childish grace.

"I need you to take Ava to the infirmary and see if Alexander can do anything to help stabilize her. The containment field is holding up but I want to make sure we're doing all we can"

"Aye aye cap'n" he affirmed moving the heavy looking equipment with ease that almost caused staggering disbelief. I made a mental note to myself to never trifle with that man.

"Whose the pipsqueak?" said Tyson. Now that's a word I haven't heard in a long time I thought to myself, I considered myself to be average height and I wasn't going to be winning any arm wrestling matches but I never considered myself likened to a cat toy. I suppose anyone would seem tiny to this man just being around him made you want to start doing push-ups. What an insane aura.

"This is James, we'll skip the details now, let's just call him a new recruit." Sophia stated dismissively.

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was like this entire outfit was planned. He strolled causally up to the table and put his hand outstretched in front of me.

"I hear we have a new recruit, welcome aboard, I'm Ahuz and I'll be picking off any bad guy stupid enough to try and challenge our humble abode" he said shaking my hand, hard. I suppose you can't go around carrying grenade launchers and BAR machine guns and expect to have pencil arms like myself. I can see how he felt like he could challenge Tyson in a fight, pardon the pun.

"The pleasure is all mine"

"I hear you're the one who's going to be fixing up our little Angel"

"I'll try my best, sir"

"Sir? Do I look like a sir to you?"

"I-- I suppose not"

He bent down lowering his head towards me and cracked a smile that immediately defused any sort of tension and anxiety that was building up.

"It's alright man, you don't have to be like that."

"like, what?"

"It's not every day you encounter a hansom devil like myself but you don't have to be intimidated, I'm completely approachable"

"I'll keep that in mind" I said while managing a small laugh.

"If you two are done flirting, I can introduce you, this is James and he'll be staying with us from now on. I'd appreciate it if you could help keep him alive until we can figure this mess out."

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Before we could continue we were interrupted by a voice on a loudspeaker. "Sophia, I need to you come down here. Now. I need you to see this."

It was Alexander.

Without seconds hesitation Sophia dropped what she was doing and started sprinting for the door.

I tried my best to keep up.

Chapter 11 by Gororachles



Sophia practically burst the door open, I don't think I even saw her hands move. I assumed it was about Ava. I had only seen her care this much when I was talking about her.

"What is it, Alexander? What did you find?"

"Just come here and look under the microscope."

Sophia walked, or rather soared, to the microscope. As she was talking and saying words I didn't understand, I looked around the place. It was white, and covered with paper. I took a closer look, and realized that the paper was notes on the virus. I sat down and thought. How long did they know about the attack? Why would a 14 year old be in charge of the operation? And why did Sophia have to be so cute? It was really hard to concentrate with a cute girl around. But, then again, she made me work harder, she truly did.

As I was fantasizing about Sophia, I heard something strange. I snapped out of my daydream, and looked at Sophia. She was sitting, tears streaming down her face again. I rushed over to her and sat down.

"Are you okay, Sophia?" I asked nervously.

"I- we- done- gone- Ava..."

"Okay, god, what happened? Calm own so I can help."

"Ava... She's gone. It's all gone. There is no cure to the virus. There's nothing left. She's... Gone."

I don't know what it was, but all of a sudden, I felt a surge of anger. This girl was put in charge of saving the world, and the world killed her parents, and put her sister in a trance, where she was

never to come from anyway. They gave Sophia work to keep her fighting to save itself but they were never going to give her help.

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"No," I said,

Sophia looked at me

"What are you talking about?" She asked,

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"No. I'm not going to let anything happen to the ones you care about. Not you, not Ava, not anyone on this ship. Nothing is going to stand in my way. Not even death."

"Are you crazy? I already told you, there isn't a cure. There isn't a thing you can do to help. You're just killing yourself!" She screamed. Jesus! At first she was beaming, then tears were streaming down her face, and now, she's angry at me! Women. No one can understand them. And, now, I either had to yell back, or back off. But I still had anger in me, so I chose to fight back. "What is your problem? First you were leaning on my shoulder, begging for comfort, and now you're screaming at me! And why do you care if I go and die anyway?"

"Well you're the one who-"

I heard a laugh. I got really angry. I whipped around and glared.

At the same time as Sophia, I screamed, "WHAT?"

Alexander laughed again.

"Sorry, I've never heard a couple fight before. You guys really seem connected, caring about each other like that."

"We are NOT a couple!" We screamed again.

"Are you sure, because it really seems like it. Jake, you really seemed to care about Sophia and her sister, and Sophia, you seemed to get angry when he said that he was going to risk his life for you. You guys seem pretty serious about each other."

All of a sudden, Sophia drops to the floor. Again, I rush over to her side, and realize that she is crying. Great. More mood swings.

"Hey, what's wrong?" I ask, speaking softly. At least I knew when to back off the yelling.

"He's right." After saying that, she walks out of the room, leaving me to wonder what she meant.

"Whoa, dude. She's got you good!" Alexander says.

"Oh shut up. Sophia! Sophia!"

I run out of the room, trying to find her.

Chapter 12 by basic2003name



I found her

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